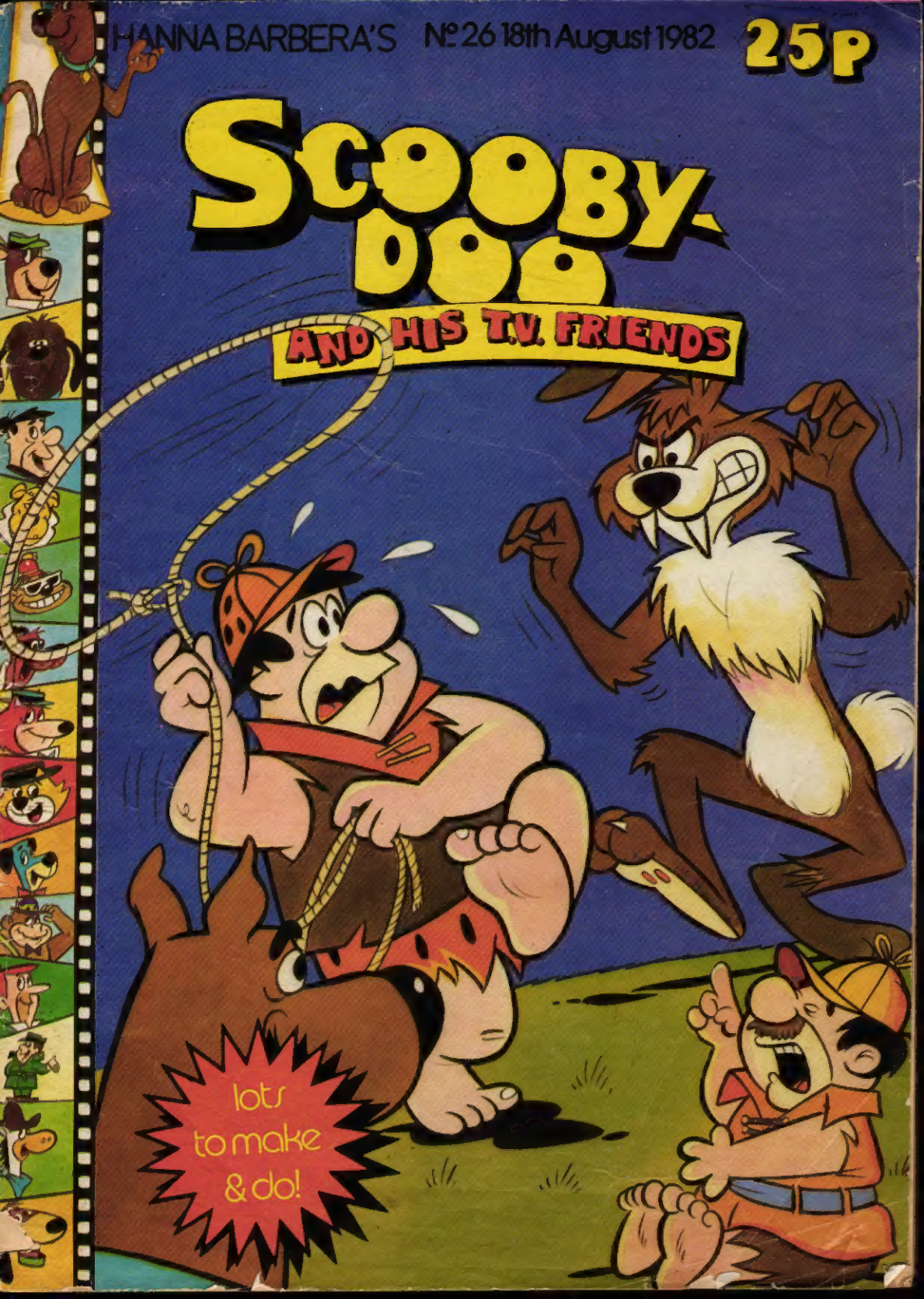


SCOOPY-DOO

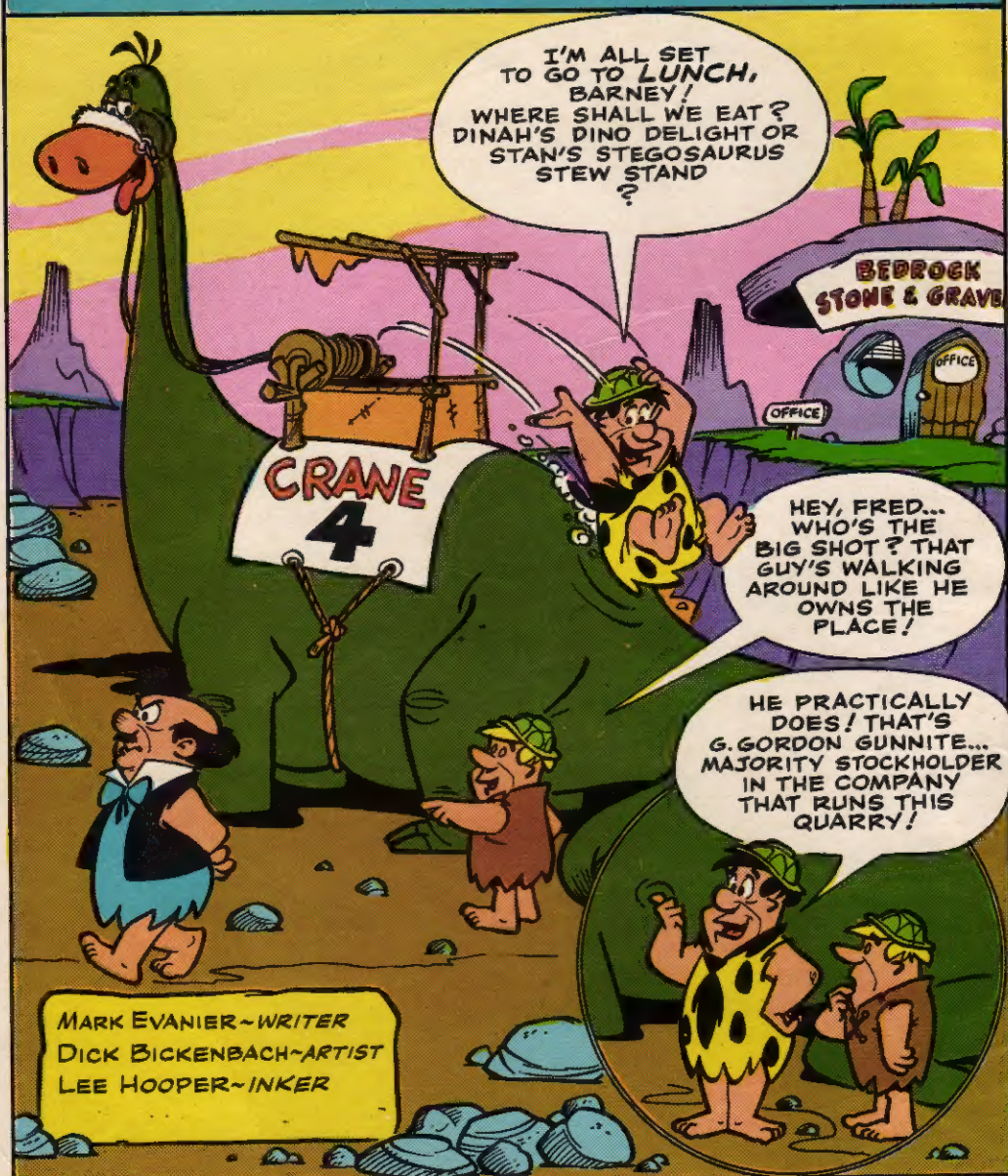
AND HIS TV FRIENDS



lots
to make
& do!

HANNA-BARBERA'S
THE FLINTSTONES

The Mighty Hunter



Published weekly by Marvel Comics Ltd., Jadywin House, 205-211 Kentish Town Road, London NW5. All characters appearing in this comic, unless otherwise specified are tradenames and trademarks of Hanna Barbera Productions Inc. 1982. The Marvel Comics Group is a division of Cadence Industries Corp. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions herein with those of any living or dead persons or institutions is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Copyright c 1982 Hanna-Barbera Productions, Inc. Marvel Comics Ltd., 1982. Display advertising, contact Claire Brooke, SH Space Sales & Marketing Ltd., 6 Berners Mews, London W.1.



THE WORLD'S LARGEST HAMBURGER!

This is going to be the best weekend of my life!" said Shaggy happily. "Mine too!" barked Scooby-Doo. Shaggy and Scooby were taking a couple of days off from Mystery Incorporated to go to the National Hamburger Makers Convention. They were looking forward to a whole weekend of eating hamburgers.

"None of the others wanted to come," said Shaggy. "I wonder why?"

"Search me!" said Scooby. He was sniffing the air. It smelt of hundreds of sizzling burgers. Across the main street of the town where the convention was being held hung a huge banner

saying: "Welcome Hamburger Makers!"

All along the street were stalls selling hamburgers. Shaggy and Scooby ate four each to keep them going until lunch. The best burgers were going to be awarded prizes at the end of the day. A famous Hamburger-taster was judging.

SIZZLING BURGERS!

"Let's try them all!" said Scooby.

"Hey, what's this?" asked Shaggy. He pointed to a large tent. "This looks interesting!"

"The world's biggest hamburger!" read Scooby-Doo, his mouth watering. "Let's go in and

have a look!"

They went inside the tent, and gasped. On a special stand in the middle was a vast hamburger, which must have been ten feet high!

"Wow!" exclaimed Shaggy and Scooby together.

"Admiring my hamburger?" said a voice behind them. It belonged to a little old man with a long grey beard and glasses.

"It's beautiful!" barked Scooby-Doo.

"My name is John Watson," said the man, "of Watson's Yummy Burgers. This is my great invention. Nobody but me knows how to make a hamburger this big!"

"Congratulations!" said Shaggy "it's sure to win the prize!"

"Well, I hope so," said Mr Watson. "It's taken me years to invent this."

"We'd better go and have something else to eat!" said Shaggy. "This is making us hungry. Goodbye, Mr Watson!"

Shaggy and Scooby went away to have another couple of hamburgers at a stall further down the street. It was a very grand stall, which was called "Professor Pinch's Magic Burgers."

"I hope you are enjoying those!" said a tall, thin man, while Shaggy and Scooby were eating. "Because I am Professor Pinch!"



"Terrific!" said Scooby-Doo with his mouth full. He had eaten six, and there was tomato sauce all the way down his chin.

"I always win the prize every year," said the Professor. "And I shall this year!"

"What about Mr Watson's giant hamburger?" asked Shaggy.

"Say," said the Professor. "Aren't you two from Mystery Incorporated? Well, this is an honour!"

Before Shaggy could reply, there was a terrific explosion down the street, which sent them flying out of their chairs. They rushed outside, and saw that it had happened in Mr Watson's

PROFESSOR PINCH'S MAGIC BURGERS!

tent. The street was knee-deep in bits of bread roll and hamburger-meat, and the famous giant hamburger was destroyed!

"Mr Watson!" gasped Shaggy. "Are you alright?"

"No!" groaned Mr Watson. "My life's work, ruined! Ruined! All my money was tied up in that hamburger! I needed to win the prize!"

"Bad luck, Watson!" said Professor Pinch. "It looks like my Magic Burgers will win again this year!" And he walked away, chuckling.

"But you've got time to make another one!" said Scooby.

But Mr Watson shook his head. "I'm afraid someone has stolen my recipe. I'm ruined!"

"Geel!" said Shaggy. "Do you mean someone will try and make another giant burger?"

"They can't," said Mr Watson. "Because I left out my secret ingredient. But if I don't get my recipe back, I can't make another burger!"

"We'll get it back for you!" said Shaggy. "Won't we, Scooby?"

"We sure will!" barked Scooby-Doo. "Let's get going!"

"You know, Scooby," said Shaggy later "I've got a hunch that Professor Pinch has got something to do with it. He's the one who has the most motive. But we've got to prove it."

"We'll follow him!" growled Scooby. "There goes his car!"

"OK," said Shaggy. "Get on the back of my motorbike!"

They sped off after the Professor's car, following him deep into the countryside, until they came to a remote farmhouse, hidden among the trees.

"Ulp!" said Scooby. "I don't like the look of this!"

"Me neither!" said Shaggy. They crept round the house until

they found an open door, then they went inside. There didn't seem to be anyone about, but Shaggy suddenly spotted an open door.

"That must lead down to the cellar!" he said. "I can see a light down there! Come on!" They went to the top of the cellar steps, and looked down. In the cellar was a huge oven, and a table with a giant mixing bowl on it.

"Wow!" said Scooby-Doo. "Professor!" said a snarling voice. "Is that you?"

"It is I, Lefty," said Professor Pinch. "And I've got your recipe, thanks to that little explosion!"

"Good," growled Lefty. "This

THE STOLEN RECIPE!

darned burger just won't come out right!"

"This bit of paper contains his secrets!" said the Professor. "But I must warn you, there's a hairy person and a dog snooping round asking questions. They're from Mystery Incorporated."

At this most unfortunate moment, Scooby-Doo let out a great sneeze, and tumbled down the cellar steps!

"Oh no!" groaned Shaggy.



"Well, well!" said Professor Pinch in a soft, nasty voice. "No sooner do I speak of my young friends, but they appear!"

"You won't get away with this, Pinch!" cried Shaggy.

"Yes I will!" said Mr Pinch. "I'm going to win that prize. That fool Watson thinks I don't

"What shall we do?" moaned Shaggy. "We've got to get the recipe back to Mr Watson before the judging, but how do we get out?"

"Simple!" said Scooby. "Start eating!"

So Shaggy and Scooby-Doo started eating their way out as fast as they could. After a long time, they crawled out, free.

"I feel terrible!" said Shaggy. "But at least he's left the recipe on the table. Let's get out of here!" They snatched the recipe, and tried to hurry, but it was very difficult, they were so full. They got back to town five hours before the judging, and Mr

of dynamite into the tent. A moment later, there was another explosion.

"You again!" screamed Professor Pinch. "How did you get out? You will pay for this! Deal with them, Lefty!"

"No you don't!" said a policeman, coming up behind him.

THE BURGER PRISON!

"You're under arrest!"

"I would have succeeded!" shouted Professor Pinch. "Why did you have to meddle?"

That evening, Mr Watson's special Giant Hamburger won the grand prize.

"How can I ever thank you?" he said to Shaggy and Scooby-Doo. "You can have all the hamburgers you can eat as a reward!"

"Anything but that!" laughed Shaggy. "We never want to see another hamburger as long as we live, do we Scooby?"

"You bet!" barked Scooby-Doo.

THE MAGIC INGREDIENT!

Watson at once began to make another giant hamburger. Then they carried out the second part of their plan. Professor Pinch had set up a tent for his rival Giant Burger.

"We'll use his own method!" grinned Scooby, throwing a stick

know his secret ingredient. Well, he's wrong! And there's going to be two new ingredients in it! Deal with them, Lefty!"

"You got it, boss!" chuckled Lefty. "There's going to be two giant burgers!" He picked up Scooby and Shaggy by their necks, and threw them into the mixing bowl. An hour, later, they were trapped in the middle of a giant hamburger!

"Can you hear me?" called the Professor "I'm going to win that prize. You won't be free until I've collected it and got out of town! Nobody will find you here!"



THE SCOOBY JOKERS

Teacher: Dunn, if you add 44 plus 55 divide by 4 then multiply your answer by 3, what answer would you have?
Pupil: The wrong answers sir!
Tony Howley.

What did the orange say to the other orange on the telephone?
You're running out of pips!
Sarah Dean.

What's brown with red spots and goes woof, woof?
Scooby-Doo with German Measles!
Nicola Pearson.

What's black and white and red all over?
The newspaper!
Carolyn Pike.

Why is it hard to make a phone-call in China?
There are so many wings and so many wongs you'll wing the wrong number!
Simon Bower.

Where does a 500 pound elephant sleep?
Where it wants to!
Daniel Rush.

What has one hundred legs but can't walk.
Fifty pairs of trousers.
John Baker.

Doctor, Doctor, everyone thinks I'm a liar!
I don't believe you!
Julia Latham.

What do you give a sick bird?
Tweetment!
George Mahood.

Things to do with SCOOBY DOO



Forecast the Weather with
the **BALLOON
BAROMETER!**

HERE'S A SIMPLE BAROMETER YOU CAN BUILD
WITH JUST AN EMPTY JAR, A BALLOON, BROOM
BRISTLE, GLUE, STRING AND CARD!

1.

SMEAR A LITTLE BUTTER
AROUND THE RIM OF THE JAR.
CUT OFF NECK OF BALLOON AND STRETCH
THE LARGE PART OVER JAR

MOUTH. TIE
WITH STRING,
BUT MAKE SURE
IT IS AIRTIGHT WITH
NO HOLES IN BALLOON
OR FOLDS AT JAR RIM.



3. PLACE BAROMETER
INDOORS WHERE
YOU CAN WATCH IT.
STAND CARD WITH
NUMBERS ON TO MARK
THE RISE AND FALL OF
POINTER EVERYDAY.
CHECK WEATHER AGAINST
NUMBER INDICATED AND
WRITE DOWN RESULTS.

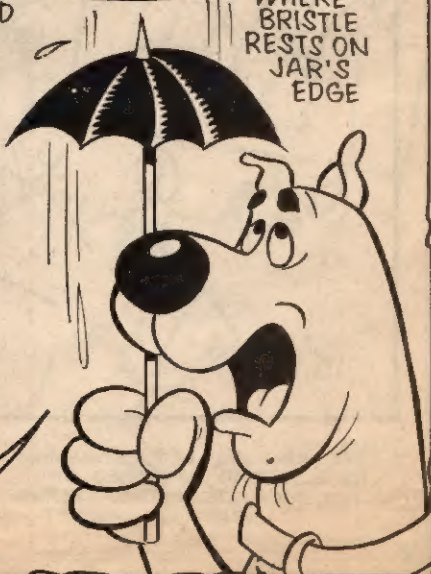


- | | |
|---|----------|
| 1 | SUNNY |
| 2 | FINE |
| 3 | DULL |
| 4 | DRIZZLE |
| 5 | RAIN |
| 6 | V. RAINY |
| 7 | STORMY |

If the pointer starts to fall
quickly, it's a wise thing to
take your Brolly!



2. GLUE
BRISTLE TO
CENTRE OF
RUBBER SO
THAT IT
STICKS OUT
OVER EDGE
OF JAR ABOUT
15 cms. PUT
ANOTHER
BLOB OF GLUE
AT POINT
WHERE
BRISTLE
RESTS ON
JAR'S
EDGE



SCOOBY-DOO'S GHOSTLY CLUB HOUSE

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO...

Nadine Harvey who will be 8 on August 18th,
Liam Astley who will be 5 on August 15th, and
Andrew Abbott who will be 7 on August 16th.

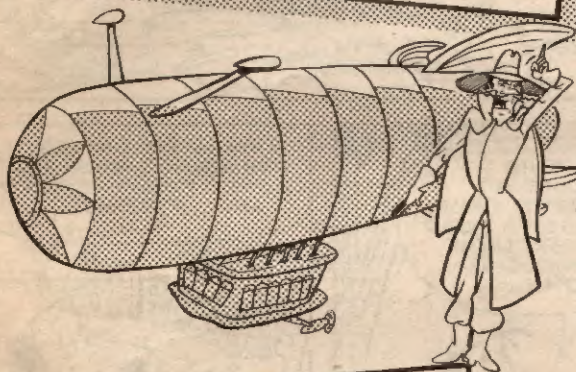
Dear Scooby-Doo,
Are you scared of cats?

Alison Crozier.

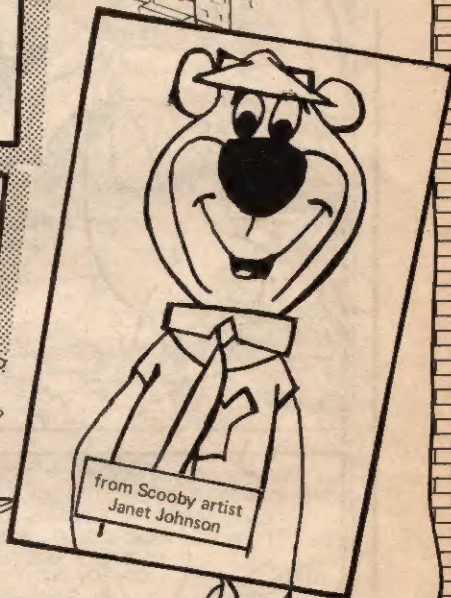
You know me — I'm practically scared of every-
thing but my nephew Scrappy isn't.

Next Week...

Play the Drak Pack Crime Fighter game! A race
against time and such evil forces as Mummy Man,
Vampira and Toad! Can you wait one whole week!



Have you got a wonderful pet you want us to
know about? Have you done a great drawing
recently? Have you got a birthday coming up? Do
you want a pen-pal? Then write to:
Scooby's Ghostly Club House,
Marvel Comics, Jadwin House,
205-211 Kentish Town Road,
London NW5 2JU.



from Scooby artist
Gurdawar Singh Dhandra

YOGI
BEARFRONTIER
FATHER

Things to do with **SCOOBY DOO**

Snakes Alive!

LOOK WHAT WE ARE MAKING!
IF YOU CUT IT OUT RIGHT,
IT WILL LOOK LIKE A
LIVE SNAKE!

STICK YOUR SNAKE
TO A THIN PIECE OF
CARD. THAT WAY HE'LL
STAND UP BETTER.



ALL YOU
HAVE TO
DO IS
CUT
ROUND
THE
THICK
LINES.



WHEN YOU'VE CUT HIM
OUT YOU CAN THREAD A
PIECE OF COTTON
THROUGH HIS HEAD.

PIN
HIM BY
THE TAIL
TO A
CORK



HANNA-BARBERA'S
**UNDERCOVER
ELEPHANT**

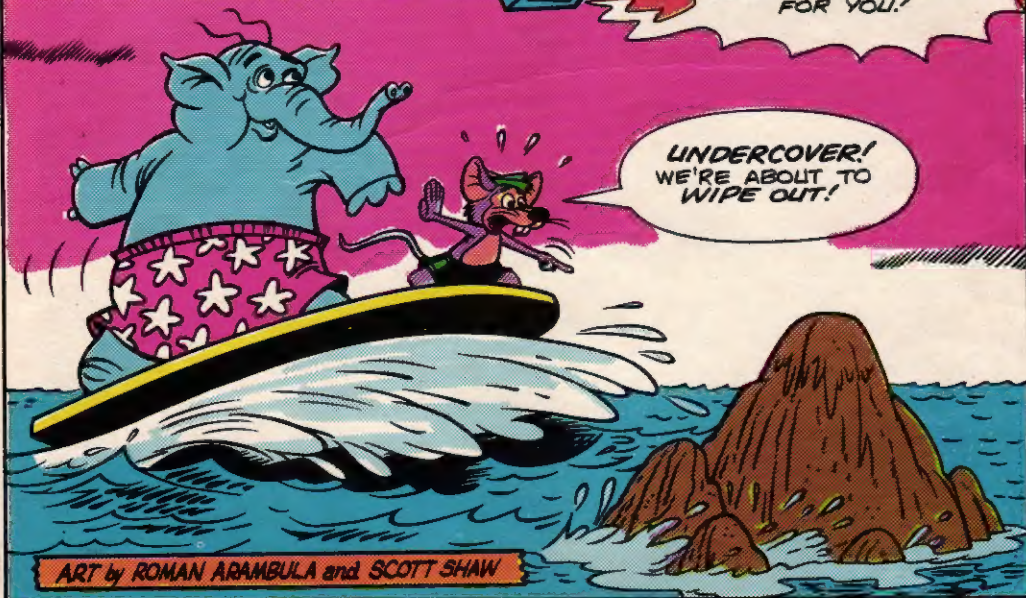
The SEASIDE SNEAK-THIEF

NO REST FOR THE WEARY DEPARTMENT:
UNDERCOVER ELEPHANT AND LOUDMOUSE BELIEVED THEY
WERE GETTING AWAY FROM CRIME-FIGHTING FOR A WEEK...

THEY ALSO BELIEVE IN
SANTA CLAUS, THE EASTER
BUNNY AND LOWER
TAXES...



ATTENTION,
UNDERCOVER
ELEPHANT! THIS
IS CENTRAL CONTROL
WITH AN ASSIGNMENT
FOR YOU!



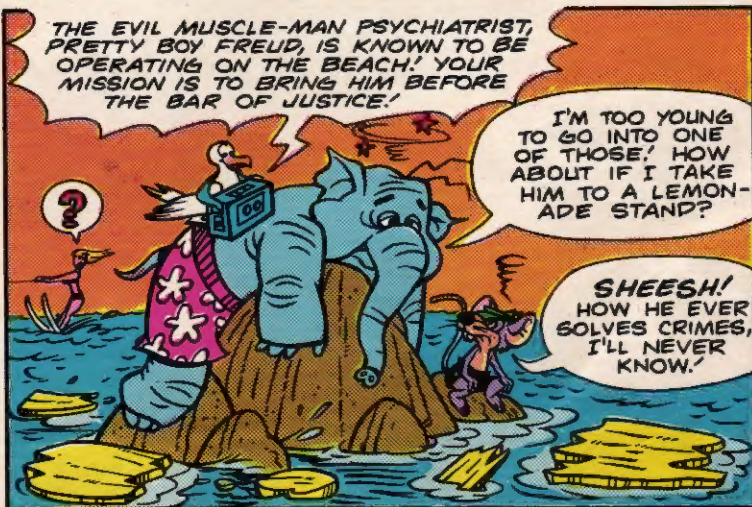
UNDERCOVER!
WE'RE ABOUT TO
WIPE OUT!

ART by ROMAN ARAMBULA and SCOTT SHAW

SOUND
EFFECT
OF
ELEPHANT
SURFING
INTO
LARGE
ROCK

(YOU WOULDN'T
WANT TO SEE
THIS—IT'S
NOT PRETTY.)

THE EVIL MUSCLE-MAN PSYCHIATRIST,
PRETTY BOY FREUD, IS KNOWN TO BE
OPERATING ON THE BEACH. YOUR
MISSION IS TO BRING HIM BEFORE
THE BAR OF JUSTICE!



I'M TOO YOUNG
TO GO INTO ONE
OF THOSE! HOW
ABOUT IF I TAKE
HIM TO A LEMON-
ADE STAND?

SHEESH!
HOW HE EVER
SOLVES CRIMES,
I'LL NEVER
KNOW.